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A

COLLECTION

OF

NEW SONGS.

1 Robinson Crusoe.
2 Jack at the Windlass.
3 The Sons of Britannia.

M. Angus & Son, Printers, Newcastle.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WHEN I was a lad, my fortune was bad,
My Grandfather I did loose O,
I'll bet you a cann you have heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Cruſoe.

CHORUS.

Oh! poor Robinſon Cruſoe,
Oh! poor Robinſon Cruſoe,
Linky ting ting linky tang tang,
Oh! poor Robinſon Cruſoe.

BRITISH MUSEUM

You've read in a book of a voyage he took,
While the raging whirlwinds blew ſo,
That the ſhip with the ſhock fell plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

Poor Soul, none but he, eſcap'd on the ſea,
Ah! fate, fate, how could you do ſo,
Till at length he was thrown on an iſland unknown,
Which received poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

But he ſav'd from on board an old gun and
a ſword,
And another old matter or two ſo,
That by dint of his thrift he manag'd to
ſhift,
Pretty well for poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

And he happen'd to ſave from the merci-
leſs wave,
A poor parrot, I aſſure you 'tis true ſo,
That when he came home from a weari-
ſome roam,
Us'd to cry out poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

Then he got all the wood that ever he
cou'd,
And ſtuck it together with glue ſo,
That he made him a hut in which he might
put
The carcaſe of Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

While his man Friday, kept the houſe
ſnug and tidy,
To be ſure 'twas his buſineſs to do ſo,

They liv'd friendly together leſs like ſervant than neighbour,
Liv'd Friday and Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

At length within hail he ſaw a ſtout ſail,
And he took to his little cannoe, o,
When he reach'd the ſhip, they gave him a trip
Back to England brought Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

COME all hands a-hoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries,—devil thank her,
She'll ſoon take another in tow;
This breeze like the old one will kick us,
About on the boiſterous main;
And one day if death ſhould not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.

CHORUS.

With a will ho! then pull away jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
We're in for't, then demme what folly, boys,
For to be down hearted yo ho!

Our boatſwain takes care of the rigging,
More eſpecially when he gets drunk;
The bobſtays ſupply him with wigging,
He the cable cuts up for old Junk:
The ſtudding-ſail ſerves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he's bought him his call,
While enſigns and jacks in a mammock,
He ſold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will ho! &c.

Of the purſer this here is the maxim,
Slop, grog, and proviſions he tacks;
How he'd look if you were but to aſk him
With the captain's clerk who this goes ſnacks:
O he'd find it another gueſs ſtory,
That would bring his bare back to the cat;
If his majeſty's honour and glory,
Was only juſt told about that.
With a will ho! &c.

Our chaplain's both holy and godly,
And ſets us for heaven agog;
Yet to my mind he looks rather oddly,
When he's ſwearing and drinking of grog;

When he took on his knee *Betty Boſwer*,
And he talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I, "which is the way to heaven now ſir,"
"Why, you dog," ſays the chaplain, "her arms,"
With a will ho! &c.

The gunner's a devil of blubber,
The carpenter can't fiſh a maſt;
The ſurgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
The maſter can't ſteer if he's aſk'd;
The lieutenadt's conceit are all wrapt in,
The mate hardly merit their ſlip;
Nor is there a ſwab but the captain,
Knows the ſtem from the ſtern of the ſhip.
With a will ho! &c.

Now fore and aft having abuſed them,
Juſt but for my fancy and gig;
Could I find any one that ill-uſed them,
Damn me but I'd tickle his wig:
Jack never was known for a railer,
It was fun every word that I ſpoke,
And the ſign of a true-hearted ſailor,
Is to take and to give a good joke.
With a will ho! &c.

THE SONS OF BRITANNIA.

Tune—Valenciennes March.

ARISE! ariſe! Britannia's ſons ariſe!
And join in the ſhouts of the patriotic throng;
Ariſe! ariſe! Britannia's ſons ariſe!
And let the heavens echo with your ſong;
For the genius of Albion, victory proclaiming,
Forth to the world our deeds and rights maintaining,
And the battle of the Nile,
Shall be foremoſt on the file,
Nelſon, gallant Nelſon's name applauded ſhall be,
Then huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! boys,
Mars gaurds for us what freedom did by charter gain,
huzza! &c.
Britannia ſtill, Britannia rules the main.

The proud ſons of France with inſulting haughty ſcorn,
And ſo long oppreſſed neighbouring independency,
And vainly did hope their conqueſt would be borne,
In harmony triumphant o'er the ſea,——
But Nelſon ſoon taught them in peals of Britiſh thunder,
To the flag of Royal George twas their duty to knock under
And the battle of the Nile
Was deciſive, and the ſpoil
Shall bedeck the lovely boſoms of our loyal Britiſh fair,
Then huzza, &c.

In council above aroſe the deity of war,
Determined to give valour due renown,
And ſoon on the brow of each Britiſh tar,
Was planted a reſplendant loyal crown.

While the loud trump of fame o'er earth and ocean sounded
But the battle of the Nile,
Was the foremost of the file,—
And all the angelic choir sung the glories of the day,
Then huzza, &c.

Then arouse, arouse, ye sons of mirthful sport,
And receive your protectors with open arms returning,
View the shore they with their blood have bought,
For the glory of his happy happy life,
A British Seaman's name hence forward shall be penn'd
A terror to his foe and an honour to his friend,
At the battle of the Nile,
Our children shall smile,
And to ages yet unborn, transmit what Nelson done,
Then huzza, &c.

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FINIS.